

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL 4.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

NO. 11.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

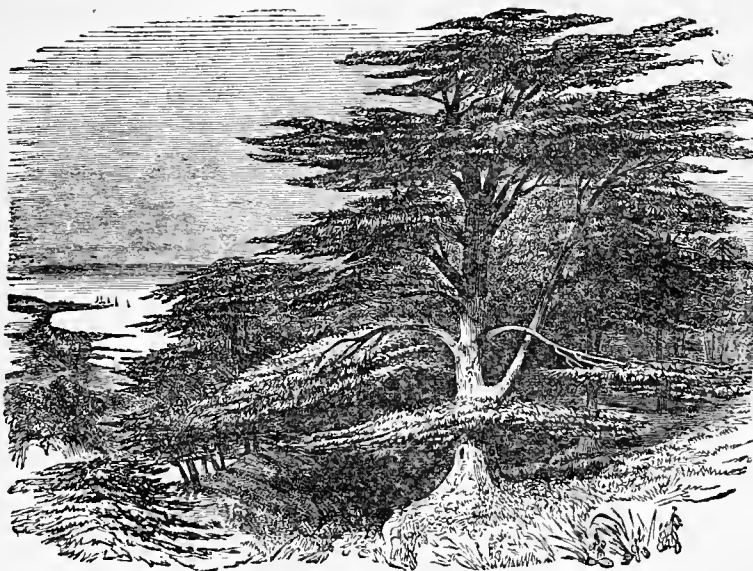
BUT little idea can be formed of the resources or cultivation of Lebanon by simply looking up from the plains that border the "great sea." As the whole range from base almost to summit is cultivated in terraces, so that nothing meets the sight, when looking upward, but rude, rock walls, and lofty cliffs. But if the traveler will ascend to some high point, and look downwards, the scene is entirely changed; stair-like terraces of bright, green corn and clustering vines, intermixed with fig trees, olives, mulberries and other beautiful vegetation take the place of barren rocks and rugged walls; and even where the rocky nature of the land renders it impossible to till it, the oak and the pine are to be found, whilst high up on the side of the loftiest peak, far apart from other trees, still stands the little

grove of stately cedars, the last remnant of the far famed forest, from whence Solomon obtained the cedar wood used to build the House of the Lord in Jerusalem. We here present our little readers with a view of this celebrated grove of trees as they appeared a few years ago.

The Cedars of Lebanon have always been classed amongst the grandest and most beautiful production of the vegetable kingdom, and were often made use of by the ancient servants of the Lord as natural images to convey ideas of strength, power, grandeur and glory. The Psalmist David declares "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon;" but when comparing it with the utterances of the Almighty he cries out "The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon."

About four hundred trees are all that now remain of the once extensive forests of cedars that years ago clothed this range. They stand in a secluded recess, encircled by a region of perpetual snow, where "they cover the sides and summits of a pretty knoll. Some of the trees are in the vigor of their growth,

others are gnarled and venerable. In form they are perfect images of grace and majesty. They are tall and straight, with fan like branches, contracting like a cone toward the top. The outside bark is coarse and heavy; the leaves are small, narrow, rough, exceedingly green, of a sombre hue, and arranged in tufts along the branches; the cones resemble those of the pine. On the summit of the knoll are several aged trees 40 feet in girth, and on the northern side is one the very image of strength and grandeur. In the centre of the group is the patriarch of the grove; measuring 48 feet in circumference; the trunk is gnarled, the stronger branches have fallen off, and its once majestic form bends toward the earth under the weight of many years."



We are now beyond the limits of the land possessed by ancient Israel. We have, in our talks with our young friends, drawn their attention to many objects of interest, found within its borders. We have visited the spots where our Savior and his disciples wandered, the city where the temple of the Lord was built, the stagnant putrid sea that covers the cities of the plain, the river where the Son of God was baptized and many other places hallowed in our minds by the past labors of the servants of God. Some

of our youthful readers may fancy from these jottings that Palestine is a large country, but it is not so. It is about the size of Scotland; nothing like so large as the Territory in which the Latter-day Saints dwell. In other words it is about 180 miles from north to south, that is from "Dan to Beersheba," and on an average, about fifty miles from east to west, containing an area of 14,000 square miles. But it is not its size or situation, its climate or its natural resources that gives it so much interest in the eyes of the Saints, but it is because it was the land that God Himself consecrated by visiting His servant Abraham, the inheritance of His covenant people Israel, the spot that angels often visited, and where the temple of God

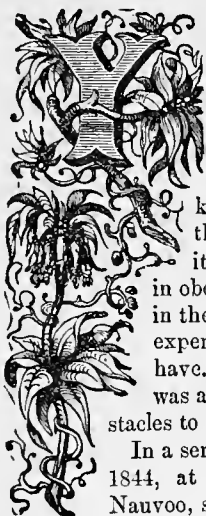
was built, where also the Redeemer of the world was born, ministered and was crucified.

These events in the redemption and salvation of the world give it an absorbing interest in the minds of all who are toiling for the accomplishment of the purposes of The Most High, especially when we remember that this land has been again dedicated by the command of the Lord for the gathering of Israel to their former abiding place, and that the day is not far off when the children of Judah will rally to their ancient hills and valleys, and rebuild the waste places of Zion. When no longer a people scattered and peeled, they will re-assemble at their old sacred places and dedicate their wealth, their power and their influence to making the Land of Promise their everlasting inheritance.

G. R.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



YOU would naturally think that when people receive a testimony from the Lord that His Church is established upon the earth, and that He has placed a prophet to lead and guide it, they would listen to his teachings and obey his counsels. But experience has taught differently. Mankind are slow to learn, and they cling to their old ideas and notions with great tenacity. The people are backward enough now in obeying counsel, but they were far more so in the days of Joseph, for they had not had the experience and training then which they now have. The labor of Joseph in this direction was a very arduous one, and he had many obstacles to contend with.

In a sermon which he delivered on January 20th, 1844, at the south-east corner of the Temple in Nauvoo, speaking upon this subject he said:

"I have tried for a number of years to get the minds of the Saints prepared to receive the things of God; but we frequently see some of them, after suffering all they have for the work of God, will fly to pieces like glass as soon as anything comes that is contrary to their traditions: they cannot stand the fire at all. How many will be able to abide a celestial law, and go through and receive their exaltation, I am unable to say, as many are called, but few are chosen."

He was taught of the Lord many principles which the world did not understand, and it was his duty to teach them to the people. But in doing this he had to contend with constant opposition, not only from enemies outside of the Church, but from many who were its members and professed to be his friends. Such persons lacked faith, and were afraid to trust Joseph, though they professed to know that he was a prophet of God. Their traditions had more weight with them than his counsels and instructions. In reading his biography you will notice that the principal opposition he had to meet was from those who were members of the Church. They would rise against him, join his enemies who were not members of the Church, and soon a mob would be raised, or a vexatious lawsuit be commenced, and he be involved in trouble. At the time of which we write this was the case with William and

Wilson Law, Dr. Foster, Francis M. and Chauncy Higbee and many other men. They were nominal members of the Church; but they were apostates at heart, were connected with mobocrats and were giving them aid and encouragement in their attempts to destroy Joseph. It may surprise you that they to whom the Lord had revealed that Joseph was His servant and a prophet, could ever be so wicked as to do these things. But you should understand that when men obtain knowledge from God, and they afterwards turn to sin, they become more wicked than if they had never known the truth. Jesus said when he was on the earth, "If the light that is in you become darkness, how great is that darkness." This is the case with apostates: the light that was in them has fled, and the darkness has taken the place thereof, and they become wicked and devilish, and in many instances they do all in their power to destroy the work of God and to kill His servants. Such men are always the most bitter enemies the Saints have to meet.

On the 29th of January, 1844, a meeting was held to take into consideration the proper course for the Latter-day Saints to pursue at the ensuing election for President of the United States. There were two candidates for the office before the people at the time—Martin Van Buren and Henry Clay—neither of whom had shown himself worthy of their vote. To use Joseph's own language:

"It is morally impossible for this people, in justice to themselves, to vote for the re-election of President Van Buren—a man who criminally neglected his duties as chief magistrate in the cold and unblushing manner which he did, when appealed to for aid in the Missouri difficulties. His heartless reply burns like a firebrand in the breast of every true friend of liberty"—*Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you.*

"As to Mr. Clay, his sentiments and cool contempt of the people's rights are manifested in his reply—*You had better go to Oregon for redress,*" which would prohibit any true lover of our constitutional privileges from supporting him at the ballot-box."

It was, therefore, moved by Willard Richards,

"That we will have an independent electoral ticket, and that Joseph Smith be a candidate for the next Presidency; and that we use all honorable means in our power to secure his election."

(To be Continued.)

THE CUNNING THRUSH.

THERE is much more intelligence in birds than people suppose. An instance occurred the other day at a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom we have the story. A thrush had built her nest on the ridge of a quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she appeared to be much troubled by the fragments flying in all directions, but did not go far from her nest. She soon observed that a bell was rung when a blast was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to a safe place. In a few days, when she heard the bell ring, she quitted her nest and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping near their feet. She would remain there until the explosion had taken place and then return to her nest. The workmen noticed this and informed their employers of it, and it was told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally wished to view this curious act; but, as the rock could not always be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered very well. The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she soon perceived that she was trifled with; and afterward, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to see if the workmen ran away, and if they did not, she would remain where she was, but when they ran she was very sure to go too.—*Children's Hour.*

THE STORY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Selected from Jacob Abbott's Writings.

[CONTINUED.]

At length, toward the latter end of August, a fleet was seen coming up the bay, but, to Cornwallis's infinite disappointment and chagrin, the ships proved to be French instead of English. It was a squadron commanded by Count de Grasse, and came from the West Indies. General La Fayette sent a man out in a boat from Cape Henry, to this fleet, when it first appeared, to inform the admiral of the situation of affairs. "We have got Cornwallis hemmed in by land," said he, "and if you can send up some ships to the mouth of York River, and so shut him up by sea, we can take his whole army prisoners."

This Count de Grasse resolved to do. He sent up four ships of the line and several frigates.

In the mean time, when Washington, at his camp on the Hudson, found that Clinton had received a large re-enforcement in New York, so that he could not hope to reconquer that city, he determined to leave that region and march south into Virginia, and assist, if possible, in capturing Cornwallis. He accordingly moved in detachments out of his camp, and commenced his march. Clinton might have come out of New York and followed him; and perhaps he might have entirely prevented his proceeding, but he did not imagine that Washington could be really intending to go to Virginia. He supposed that his sending off so many men from his camp was only a stratagem to conceal some design he might be forming against New York, so he remained in the city, waiting for the expected attack.

From the River Hudson to Virginia is a long distance, and it required some time to accomplish the march. An army loaded as the soldiers are with their arms and knapsacks, and with so much baggage in their train, moves slowly. It was a fortnight before Washington arrived. He immediately went on board the flag-ship of Count de Grasse, in the bay, and the two commanders settled together their plan of operations.

The armies of the Americans and the French united, now amounted to twelve thousand men, while that of Cornwallis consisted of only seven thousand. Cornwallis, of course, could not meet his enemies in the field. His only hope was that he might be able to defend himself in Yorktown, and hold out there until General Clinton could send him relief from New York. There was, however, not much hope of this, for the French fleet, which had been increased by a new arrival since de Grasse came, was now very strong, and they had full possession of the harbor and the bay. Had it not been for this fleet, Cornwallis might, perhaps, have made his escape by water; but with their armies on land, and their fleet on the sea, the Americans and the French had shut him in on all sides, and they watched him continually with the closest vigilance.

The Americans all this time knew everything that passed in the British camp. They obtained their information through a spy who was employed by General La Fayette to go into Yorktown. He was an American soldier from New Jersey, named Morgan. He went into Yorktown, pretending to be a deserter, and there enlisted in Cornwallis's army. From time to time he communicated to La Fayette and to the Americans all that it was necessary for them to know in respect to the condition of the British army, and to what took place in their camp. If he had been detected he would have been hung.

As soon as Washington arrived, the American and French armies regularly invested the place, and commenced the operations of the siege. In the night, strong parties would be formed

to draw as near as possible to the British lines, and throw up intrenchments there, and place heavy guns behind them, with which to cannonade the works the next day. Sometimes these batteries were established in one quarter and sometimes in another; and all day, and sometimes all night long, bombs and red-hot balls were seen marking their fiery track through the air, and descending with dreadful effect upon the ill-fated town. As the siege proceeded, these works advanced nearer and nearer, until, at length, Cornwallis saw that he must either form some desperate plan for making his escape from the place, or else he must surrender.

He decided to attempt to escape. His plan was to leave all his guns, and ammunition, and baggage, as well as all the sick and wounded men, in the camp; and then, with the active and able-bodied troops, to make his way in boats, in the night, across the river to the north side. He would surprise some small portion of the American army that were stationed there, and seize their horses. By means of these, and such other horses as he could capture on the road, he hoped to force his way through the country to New York. This was, it is true, a very desperate undertaking; but then, even if only half his army should succeed in getting there, while the other half were killed or taken prisoners on the way, that would be better than to remain in Yorktown and lose all.

Unfortunately for Cornwallis, this scheme was entirely defeated at the very commencement of the attempt to put it into execution. The night fixed for the embarkation was the 16th of October. The boats were got ready, and all the arrangements were made, every thing having been done so secretly that the Americans did not suspect the design. At ten o'clock one detachment of the troops was sent across the river. But then there suddenly came on a very violent tempest of wind and rain, which made it impossible to proceed with the undertaking. Cornwallis succeeded in the course of the night in bringing back the few that had been sent over, but that was all that he could do.

All hope of escape was now necessarily abandoned, and Cornwallis saw there was no alternative left but to surrender. He spent the following day in an agony of suspense and anxiety. His works were ruined. The enemy was getting every hour nearer and nearer. Shot and shells were descending upon the wretched town in an incessant storm, and there was nowhere any shelter from them or place of refuge. Accordingly, Cornwallis sent out an officer with a flag of truce to ask the Americans to cease firing, and promising to surrender.

Orders were accordingly given that the firing should cease, and a conference was held to agree upon the terms of capitulation. The terms were settled that day, and on the following day the British army were to march out of Yorktown, and lay down their arms.

(To be Continued)

A CUBIT.—Some of our little friends were unable to understand the size of the bedstead of Og, King of Bashan, spoken of in the article entitled "the giant cities of Bashan," which appeared in No. 9 of the present volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. It is there stated with regard to this bedstead that "nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth thereof, after the cubit of a man." Now, a cubit is very nearly twenty-two inches, or a little over a foot and three quarters, so this wonderful bedstead must have been more than sixteen feet long, and seven feet wide. Goliath, the Philistine champion, who was slain by David, is said to have been six cubits and a span in height, or about eleven feet; so we must suppose he was quite a small man when compared with Og, who required a bedstead five feet longer.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XI.

HAVING given you a little idea in my last chapter of the result of Captain Smith's attempt to die with his face westward, also the misfortunes which befell those who persisted in trying to push through on that route, I now return to our party. It was with a great sense of relief that we changed our course in leaving Division Spring on the morning of November 16th, 1849. We had been traveling directly West as nearly as we could; but that morning we started in a south-easterly direction. As if to encourage us, we all felt buoyant and cheerful, so much so that we spoke of our feelings one to another. Smith's men were not the most pleasant company in the world for us. They were of the usual type of gold diggers, and their manners were not improved by the privations to which they had been subjected. They had not been careful with their provisions, and though our supply was small, I think we must have had more than they; for some of them said they were nearly out. If they could not get food any other way, however, it had been said, so I was told, they would use their rifles to obtain it. In other words, they would kill somebody rather than go short. There would have been no necessity for them to have tried to kill us for any such purpose, for if they had behaved themselves, we should have shared with them as long as our provisions would have lasted. Had any of them tried force they would have found us a most difficult party to manage; we were united and resolute, familiar with the use of arms and numbered about as many as they. By our separation we were saved from all difficulty with them.

We had no further trouble about obtaining water on the route we had chosen. In the afternoon we passed through a narrow kanyon which ran through a mountain, the sides of which towered up very steep to the height of several hundred feet. We camped about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the kanyon. The next day we continued our journey down the bed of the creek, and came to another kanyon, about three miles long, with sides of solid rock, which rose abruptly for several hundred feet. We found it good traveling down the kanyon. Upon emerging from it we came to splendid grass and some warm springs of water. These springs soon formed a creek of considerable size for that country. The traveling was bad in consequence of the mire. We camped on the creek that night in good feed.

Brother Peter Fife, who, as I informed you, had traveled on the Spanish Trail from California to Salt Lake valley, was still with us. We had many questions to ask him about the country, and were particularly anxious to know whether he saw any points which looked familiar to him. He knew of no creek so large as this, excepting the Muddy, and it had every appearance of that stream. His conjecture proved to be correct; for we had not traveled more than about five miles down the creek in the morning before we espied some cattle grazing on the other side, and directly afterwards saw some men. These men informed us that Captain Hunt was here with seven wagons,

all the rest having parted company with him, and followed our trail. Our meeting with the Captain and his fellow-travelers, Elders Addison Pratt, James S. Brown and Hiram Blackwell was a joyful one. We found them camped near where the Spanish Trail crossed the Muddy.

It was with a feeling of great relief that we reached the Spanish Trail. We were tired of traveling on a "cut-off," and to say that a certain road was a "cut-off" to any one of the company during the remainder of that journey was sufficient to prejudice him against it. To this day I have a dislike to "cut-offs." I prefer traveling on roads that I know something about. We had been traveling for eighteen days in a country of which we knew nothing. Our animals were failing every day, and our provisions were rapidly disappearing. While in this condition we could not divest ourselves of a feeling of anxiety about the result. The fact is I, for one, did not feel at ease respecting our position and mode of traveling at no time after we took the cut-off until Brother Rich avowed his determination to lead; and I felt still better after we left Division Spring with the intention of going to the Spanish Trail.

We remained one day in camp on the Muddy. Captain Hunt and the other brethren spared us some provisions, with which we hoped to be able to reach the settlements in California. Between the Muddy and the Los Vegas, there is a stretch of fifty miles, which is generally called desert. When about half-way across we found feed, and some standing water among a patch of bushes, a mile and a half distant from the feed. This water had gathered in puddles from the last rain. It proved acceptable, as we camped there that night, and occupied two days in traveling the fifty miles.

I shall not attempt to write the details of each day's journey from this point to California. Many of our horses failed, and their owners had to perform the remainder of the distance on foot. By walking, and permitting my only animal to run loose, I had hoped to save her; but she failed and could not travel with us. Brother Francis M. Pomeroy had concluded to stop and travel through with Captain Hunt and the ox-teams, and kindly proffered to take charge of her, and drive her through with his animals. When we parted with Brother Pomeroy I did not expect to ever see her again. But he succeeded in bringing her through, and she afterwards did me considerable service.

When we struck the Mojave River we found some men with their wives and children encamped in wagons there. They were moving to California, and for four or five weeks previous to our meeting them, they had been living upon beef only. Though we had but little flour ourselves, we let them have nearly all we had for the women and children. The next day several of the brethren started ahead with the hope of killing deer, which we had been told were to be found on this stream; but they were unsuccessful. It rained heavily all day. The next morning the rain changed to snow.

(To be Continued.)

POWER OF KINDNESS.—A poor woman used to give an elephant, who often passed her stall in the market, a handful of greens, of which he was very fond. One day he was in a great fury, and broke away from his keeper, and came raging down the market-place. Every one fled, and in her haste the market-woman forgot her little child. But the furious elephant, instead of trampling it to death, picked it up tenderly and laid it on one side in a place of safety. Do you think she was sorry she gave him his handful of greens as he went by? No. We never loose by a kind action, no matter to whom it is done.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

FOOLISH THOUGHTS.

WHY, who have we here? One of our little friends standing by a gate that leads into a pleasant field; I do not think I shall tell you his name; that does not matter. I will tell you, however, he is a good boy and tries to do right but just now he is deep in thought. Though he is a good boy, his ideas are not always very wise, and he is fond of thinking about fairies and demons, kings and queens, lords and dukes, and while his mind is running on these wonderful or grand people, he forgets all about what he ought to be doing. Now, Edwin,—we will call him Edwin, for the time being—has been taught to read by his good mother, and is very fond of all kinds of books, but in the settlement in which he lives there are not very many volumes, and he will read all he can get hold of. It does not matter to him whether it is a good or a foolish book, if he can obtain it, he must read it. It is all the same if it is a history or a novel, the Bible or a fairy tale, he is so eager for knowledge. Now, it happens that Edwin has procured some books that are not good to read, and he has become very much interested in the princes and sultans, and fairy godmothers that he has found described in their pages. Just now as he stands by the gate, he is thinking if he was a king what he would do, what beautiful horses he would ride, what delicious fruit he would eat, what grand palaces he would build, what army he would lead to battle, what thousands of his enemies he would kill, and how he would return to his subjects grander and more powerful than ever. And he fancies he would have no poor in his kingdom, every body should be rich and have all they wanted, none should be obliged to work who did not wish to, nobody



should be sent to prison, for all should be good who lived in the nation where he was king. So the minutes pass by, and he quite forgets who he is, and what he ought to be doing, until his eye falls upon his rough, home spun dress and his coarse clothes, and he recollects he is not a king, nor a prince, nor a general. Then he feels discontented. He forgets his kind parents and his pleasant little home, he does not think of his loving brothers and sisters, nor his merry companions. No; none of these enter his mind, and he frets and feels bad because he is not a great hero like some of those he has read of in the novels. Is he not a foolish boy to fancy such silly things? indeed is it not very wrong for a boy to be so ungrateful to God for the many good things he possesses? But this boy is not alone; we know quite a number of boys and girls who are very much like him, for instead of trying to be useful, and doing what good they can, they are always imagining what great and good deeds they would perform if they were only somebody else. Indeed they bring to our minds a silly question that was very often repeated by young folks at one time, it ran thus:

Supposing I was you,
Supposing you were me,
Supposing we were somebody else
I wonder who we should be?

Well, we might all wonder, and what nonsense it would be, what good would it do us?

But Edwin would never have had these notions in his head if he had not been reading trashy books, if he had only read the works of the Church, the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, history, geography and other good works, his mind would not have run in these channels, but he has got hold of the *Arabian Nights*, the *Novellette*, and some romances, and they have given this tone to his reflections. Can any of our little readers tell us what good such books as these do if we read them? Are they true? Not though some of them pretend to be. Do they teach us how to be better? do more good? be more useful in the kingdom of God? Not one of them. Then do they do us good? No; they do not, but they injure us, as they have done our friend Edwin, by making him discontented, by filling his mind with foolish ideas which make him neglect his duties and cause him to think the work he has to do is tiresome and annoying. Then we had better leave such works alone, and choose only those that will make us better, wiser and happier.

But has Edwin really anything to be discontented about, because he is not a prince or an emperor? No, indeed, he has not. Were he wise, he would sing with all his heart in praise of the Lord.

"I praise His name that he has given
Me parentage and birth
Among the most beloved of heaven
That dwell upon the earth."

He would feel thankful that his home was with the Saints of God, that he has had the privilege of living in the midst of the servants of the Lord, that he can listen to their teachings and learn the way to Heaven. He would not want to be a general, an admiral, nor even a king, for he would know that he can be more than any king can be, who does not belong to the kingdom of God. Edwin is an heir to the priesthood of God, and that is more than the proudest prince can say; for when that prince dies he is no more than other men, but Edwin, if he is faithful to God when he grows to be a man, will, when he passes away, still have the priesthood; and will be honored and exalted in the world to come, while the prince he has envied will not be known. Children of the Latter-day Saints, never repine, never envy others; yours is the happiest condition on this earth, it is for kings and princes to seek to become like you, not you to be as they are.

G. R.

WHEN the Angel of Kindness enters a heart where it can take up its abode, it looks through the eyes of the man, and speaks with his voice, and moves with his motions, and guides his hands and feet, and stretches out his arms to clasp the whole world in charity's warm embrace; and this, every day of his life and every hour of his day.

INFLUENCE.—A man in a blouse once said, "I have no more influence than a farthing rushlight." "Well," was the reply, "a farthing rushlight can do a great deal: it can set a haystack on fire, it can burn down a house; yea, more, it will enable a poor creature to read a chapter in God's book. Go your way, friend: let your farthing rushlight so shine before men that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

ALWAYS get up when you first awake in the morning. One hour of that time is worth two at night.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

OXYGEN.

WE live at the bottom of an ocean of air which is called the atmosphere, because it surrounds the sphere as a vapor; to reach the surface of this ocean it is calculated we should have to ascend 45 miles. This immense body of air is composed of two gases, differing greatly in their properties, Oxygen and Nitrogen. It is of the first named gas we shall now speak. In its pure state it is colorless, tasteless and without smell; it is permanently elastic, that is, if compressed, it returns back to its original volume; by no means with which man is at present acquainted can it be reduced into a fluid or solid state. It is one of the simple elements and the most important of them all.

From the moment we begin to breathe, this element enables us to continue to live, hence, it is called a supporter of life; all animals are dependent upon it for existence, even those which dwell in water, imbibing it through the gills, which are analogous to the lungs of higher animals. This element can be breathed for a longtime in a state of purity, but it then produces great excitement in the system; the form in which it is received into the lungs from the air is doubtless best adapted to preserve life. In this state it is diluted, by admixture with nitrogen, an exceedingly inert substance, as it exists in the air, of which it forms four-fifths by measure.

Another very important use of this element is to support combustion, or burning, which is only another name for rapid oxidation. When inflammable bodies are burned in the open air, there is a display of heat and light, an effect produced by the intense action consequent on the chemical union of two elements with each other, which no longer continue to be the same simple substances, as they are dissolved together, forming a compound body. In this kind of burning the oxygen is separated from the nitrogen and united to the inflammable substance. If the burning substance is suddenly plunged into a vessel containing pure oxygen, the dissolution is much more rapid, and the light and heat proportionably increased. Suppose, for instance, that a sulphur match is lighted, it burns with a pale, lambent flame in the air, but immersed in oxygen it becomes very brilliant, and burns with a beautiful purple color. A piece of charcoal fixed to a wire and made red hot, may be immersed, when it will burn with great splendor. Phosphorus (only a very small piece must be used in this experiment) if kindled and plunged into this gas burns with a most intense light, which is painful to look at on account of its brilliancy. Whenever bodies are burned, the heat is due to the vivid chemical action and the light to the elevated temperature; and, although we may not see the products of the combustion as they pass off in vapor or gas, frequently leaving only a very small portion of incombustible matter called ashes, they may be detained for examination, by burning substances in properly constructed vessels.

In all chemical experiments great accuracy is necessary if we would determine exact quantities. Hence we cannot operate without proper apparatus, where great exactness is required. But many very instructive observations may be made by the use of a few small jars and bottles; which are accessible to all who really desire to experimentalize. The mode of using these simple aids to acquire knowledge will be described as we proceed.

When substances are burned together, a different substance to either is the result of the combustion. Phosphorus and oxygen produce phosphoric acid; sulphur and oxygen, sulphuric acid; carbon and oxygen, carbonic acid. The proportion in which oxygen is united to another element determines the nature of the resultant substance, which may be either gaseous, fluid or solid. Thus oxygen and hydrogen, combined together by burning or oxidation, produce water which is entirely different to either of the invisible gases which combine to produce it; oxygen and nitrogen when combined produce in one proportion the highly corrosive substance nitric acid, entirely different to the gases which form it, and which, in fact, compose the air we breathe. It is the quality of imparting acid qualities to substances, which caused the chemists to name this element oxygen, which means "acid generator;" there are other elements now known which produce those qualities. It is also called "an incombustible element," which may perhaps be an improper name for a jet of oxygen gas passed into an inflammable gas, and ignited, burns just as well and in the same way as the inflammable gas does in oxygen with the same appearances and results.

The proportions in which oxygen combines, and the nomenclature or system of names, for those combinations we shall next explain.

BETH.

(To be Continued.)

OUR SOUTHERN TRIP.

PRESIDENT YOUNG, accompanied by President D. H. Wells of his own quorum, and Elders Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and B. Young, Jr., of the Twelve Apostles, and Presidents Joseph Young, sen., and H. S. Eldredge, of the Seventies, and other Elders, returned to this city, on the 11th instant, from a visit to Southern Utah. In many places disappointment was felt by the children and teachers because the weather was so stormy that they could not make any display, though they had arranged to do so. The marching of Sunday and day school children, with banners and music or singing, is now becoming one of the regular features in the display which is usually made in a settlement when President Young and his brethren visit it on their preaching missions. We like to see it, as it is a source of enjoyment to the children, and they will be likely to remember and think pleasantly of such events as long as they live.

The children in the southern part of the Territory are well-provided with friends, who spend a portion of each Sunday in teaching them, and we had much pleasure in visiting their schools and talking to them. An immense amount of good is being done there, as well as all through the Territory, by means of Sunday schools. Children are taught many precious truths which they ought to understand, and if they should go to school every Sunday until they grow up, they will obtain much knowledge. How thankful the juveniles of this Territory should be for the many blessings they enjoy. They have schools and meetings to go to, where they can be taught in the ways of the Lord, and be prepared for usefulness, and there is no one to molest them or to prevent them from going. There are no mobs to burn houses, to destroy grain, to steal or kill cattle, to kill the servants of God, or to drag them off to prison on false accusations, but peace prevails everywhere in our land. The children of the Saints did not have such peace when they lived in Missouri or Illinois. We think of this when we travel through the Territory and see the happy, smiling faces of the children. They do not know what want is; they never suffered oppression, were never driven from their homes and pleasant places, and have always been surrounded by kind friends. Do you think of these things, children, and thank the Lord for His kindness to you?

At no place which we visited did the appearance of the children strike us more favorably than at Virgen city. It is a small place; but it gives promise of soon being much larger, for the children are numerous. Led by brother Jepson, the superintendent of the Sunday school, they came on to the hill outside of the town to meet the President and the company, and while the latter halted they sung a song composed for the occasion. There is scarcely any necessity to say more about the display made at St. George than that it was very fine. Everything of that kind is always done in excellent style there.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

W R I T I N G .

NEXT to reading, writing is the most necessary accomplishment. Some of our most pleasant feelings are enjoyed by receiving letters from friends. By writing we communicate with persons at a distance, ask questions, and inform the person to whom we are writing the current news of the day, or any business we wish.

Every Latter-day Saint should know how to write. Some of the parents of children in Utah cannot write their names plainly, and some cannot do it at all. They were brought up where the opportunities to learn were not as good as they are among us, or they could not see the utility of writing when they were young, or, through carelessness, they neglected the opportunities presented to them. Now children, if you wish to be fitted for business in life, you must learn to write, or this ignorance will be a bar to your usefulness.

What pleasure we have in receiving letters from relations; from fathers and brothers on missions, informing us of their labors and prospects, of letters from the Elders abroad informing us of the increase in members of the Church, and of the growing prosperity of the work of God. Next to seeing absent friends, the greatest joy is to receive a letter, telling us of their happiness and prosperity.

All the books that are published have to be written before they are printed, then how much are we indebted to writing for the knowledge we enjoy.

Good ideas, to be fully enjoyed, should be written down, that they may be perused in after life. Writing enters into much of the business of life, whether farmer, mechanic, merchant or laborer, all should know how to write, that they may keep their own accounts, do their own business, or know when it is done correctly. The aspirations of the Latter-day Saints are great, believing in a great future of usefulness, expecting to see Zion grow, and rule the world by right. Every child should desire to be useful, and let no opportunity pass of fitting themselves for life. Writing is of paramount importance to all, and all who have hands and eyes, and are old enough, should learn to write.

WM.

CHARLEMAGNE'S WONDERFUL HORN.

ONE of the greatest kings France ever had was Charlemagne, the son of Pepin. Charlemagne means Charles the Great, *magnus* being the Latin for 'great.' His actions were worthy of his name, and in person he was so tall and strong that none could compare with him. Not one of his valiant soldiers, and he had many, could match him in battle, and far and wide was his fame spread. Nations trembled at the sound of his approach, and kings from the most distant parts sent messengers to beg for his friendship. These messengers brought

with them costly gifts and precious jewels. Perhaps you will like to hear what one of these presents was. It was a curious clock, and came from the Caliph, or Great King, of the far-off land of Persia. Each time it struck the hour, twelve little men walked out of twelve little boxes, and after taking a short round, walked in again. Charlemagne and his lords, who had never seen such a thing before, were very much amused.

But though so many courted his friendship, his love of conquest prevented his ever being a peaceful monarch, and there were many battles fought during his reign. You shall now hear of a sad misfortune which befel his favorite nephew during one of these wars. Charlemagne was returning from a successful war in the neighboring country of Spain, when his nephew Roland, and the rear-guard of the army, were suddenly surprised by the Saracens. The Saracens were the ruling power in Spain at that time. This people, rising by hundreds from the sides of the mountains, through the defiles of which Roland and his small troop were passing, came pouring down upon them. Then fierce and long was the struggle between this brave little band and their numerous enemies. One by one Roland's valiant comrades were cut down, but his courage grew greater as his despair increased.

A noble knight, fighting by his side, begged him to blow one blast on the wonderful horn which hung from his belt. This horn had been given him by Charlemagne, with the injunction to use it in his hour of need. The knight hoped that Charles would hear it now and come to the rescue, but Roland would not take his advice. He falsely thought it would be cowardly to call for help, and turned a deaf ear to all his comrade's entreaties.

At length, these two were alone left standing of all that gallant troop; then only would Roland consent to blow one loud blast on his horn. But it was too late. Though the sound was so terrific that the Saracens ran affrighted away, as they ran they rolled huge stones and rocks down the mountain-side, and Roland fell crushed to the earth. His companion had already sunk under his wounds. So that, although Charlemagne with the rest of his army speedily arrived at the place, they found no living soul, only the dead warriors lying stretched on the bloodstained plain. Sorely did Charlemagne mourn the loss of his beloved nephew, and many were the songs and stories written in his honor. Even to this day, the traveler passing through the valley of Roncesvalles, is shown the vast cleft in the rock which, fables relate, he hewed out with his sword; and on the very top of the mountain, you may see the mark of a horse's hoof, made, so these same stories say, by Roland's horse, as he sprang with his master at one bound, from France into Spain.

Not long after this the great monarch himself died. His last days were spent in acts of charity and the study of the Bible. He was buried in a chapel which he had built himself. There, in one of the vaults, or underground chambers, his body was laid, dressed in his grand robes, his head was crowned with a golden crown, at his side his long sword, and at his feet the Gospels, from which he had been wont to read. The tomb itself was lined with pieces of gold, and the gates of solid brass were carefully sealed and fastened.

There he lay; yet no more glorious in all pomp than was his nephew Roland, sleeping his last sleep on the spot he had made famous, in his lifetime, by his valor.—*Young Crusader.*

PERSEVERE.—Never give up a thing until you have tried it in every possible way.

The aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is useful to others.

Selected Poetry.

FATHER IS COMING.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on;
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm:
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same!
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere;
For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child;
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain.
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes;
His wishes are so few;
Would they were more, that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now;
He's through the garden-gate,
Run, little Bess, and open the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

CULTIVATE ORDER.

MAY all the little folks learn to understand the beauty and harmony of order. Have a place for all that belongs to you, and be sure that everything is in its place—your playthings, your clothing, your little books and papers, and everything with which you have to do. Remember, when you come in from meeting, school, or play, to have a special place to put the hat, cloak, shawl, mittens, muff, scarf, rubbers, socks and boots, and then you will know exactly where to find them, which will not only save your time, but your strength and your temper, and do more toward making you amiable and happy than you can imagine.

Disorderly children or grown people are a great discomfort wherever they are; not only to themselves, but to everybody

with whom they have to do. They destroy the harmony and sanctity of home by the confusion their things are always in, and the hurry and bustle of looking and hunting for lost articles which never had a rightful place. Now is the time, my little friends, to form these invaluable habits of system and order; and though some of you may find it a little difficult at first, you will, by patience and perseverance, soon learn how easy and how beautiful and how blessed it is to have "a place for everything, and everything in its place."—*Children's Hour.*

KINDNESS.

A rose was faint, and hung its head,
One sultry summer's day,
When a zephyr kindly fanned its cheek,
Then sped upon its way.

That zephyr now, where'er it roams,
Delicious perfume brings;
So kindness gathers, as it goes,
A fragrance on its wings.

A SPIRIT of kindness is beautiful in the aged, lovely in the young, and indispensable to the comfort and happiness of a family.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

I am a word of 5 letters.

My 5, 3, 4, 2, we do not like.

My 3, 4, 1, we all like to do.

My 5, 3, 4, we should not like.

My 1, 4, 2, 5, we all should like.

My 4, 2, 1, we should try to like.

My 5, 4, 2, 1, 4, 2, nobody likes.

And my whole is liked by everybody.

The answer to the Charade in number 8 is THE DESERET ALPHABET, and to that in number 9 is HOLY LAND. We have received numerous answers, but our little friends must excuse us not publishing their names, as we are short of room.

BETTER is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory

EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00

Single Copy, for Six Months 1 50

It is expected where agents forward names they will be responsible for the papers thus ordered; and when Cash payments are made, they will please forward them with the letter containing the names of the subscribers.

Elder Wm. H. Shearman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.